



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

toned down to a pitch from which it is certain they can pain not even the weakest eyes, and, of course, the shadows must be correspondingly reduced; nor is there an attempt, except in Achenbach, who is very far from successful, to reproduce the variety of Nature's tints, the range and change of color she exhibits under her gravest moods. The result is this, that in the very large majority of the landscapes of this collection, there is a mass of light, painted in goldenish brown in the centre, and around it a purplish grey shadow pitched down almost to blackness in its nearer portions. The law is almost absolute.

The third class of works is that in which the motive is low or debasing. We have found it difficult to decide whether Sohn's "Diana and her Nymphs," should go into this or the second class. To characterize it as sensual, in the sense in which most of the pictures of the nude in the French school are so, would be unjust—it is not lascivious—but any studied display of the nude figure for its own sake, or for the sake of its nudity, rather, is assuredly a bid for attractiveness at the expense of propriety, to say the least. There are two motives which, in the highest artistic sense, justify the use of the nude figure. The one is in painting, where, as with Titian, the motive is the ideal of color, and the nude is made use of as giving the noblest and most perfect color to be found in nature; and the other in sculpture, as with the Greeks and Michael Angelo, where the motive is the ideal of form; and in either case the undraped figure is demanded to realize the highest measure of Beauty. But Sohn's picture has neither motive; its color is heavy and earthy, and its form entirely academic, negatively faultless at best. It is in itself cold, passionless, but the subject is evidently shown as one which presents the display of the undraped figure, and so, without justification even of real preference in the artist's feeling, it addresses itself to the sensuality of the public. We are not disposed to enter into any lengthy discussion of the question so hotly debated, whether the nude in Art is or is not proper—it would soon be settled in the mind of every artist, if he could or would judge dispassionately—not deceiving himself with specious reasoning. The instinct of every pure mind settles it at once. Neither sophistry nor custom can ever unsettle that decision, and there we are disposed to let it rest. The Diana of Prof. Sohn has no ideal aim whatever, and so falls back into the category of works whose avowed attraction is their nudity, or, in other words, their want of propriety and decorum, and it should be expurgated from any collection intended for public display.

In this class come also Hasenclever's disgusting drinking scenes, the emblems of the Bacchanalian tastes of a low-minded man. No power of mind, no truth of representation, can make worthy or dignified the things which, in themselves, are disgraceful, and a just perception of the true function of art would make us start with horror from its degradation to the purposes of the drunkard and the sensualist. It is debasing enough to see men, whose nobler instincts and qualities have become clouded and extinguished before the demands of sense, but to see others revel in the contemplation of such debasement is melancholy.

This is, indeed, the prostitution of Art.

Nor is the humor of Hasenclever more dignified. We have said, with reference to Schroder's Falstaff, that humor was the play of the intellect, but the man that plays always is an idler, and so the man who jests for ever becomes only a buffoon. The humor and the gravity of a frivolous mind are alike contemptible—alike without result. Hasenclever's humor is of this sort—genuine pot-house jesting—to enjoy which a man must descend from the dignity of earnest manhood. We often wonder that Shakespeare's clowns are sometimes really wiser than their serious masters, but a man to be really witty must be truly wise, and his wit is as deep as his wisdom, and is of equal value to us. But the humor in the "Life of the German student" is the humor of folly, unprofitable to contemplate as to perpetrate; and the difference between it and the true humor of Art, is that between Hasenclever and Hogarth—between the clown of a circus and the clown of Shakespeare.

And this is the end and result of material Art—to go like those in a treadmill, ever laboring, never advancing; following itself round and round in the circle of its own poor wisdom and knowledge of existence, never reaching, never aspiring, but content with itself, its attainments, and its range of vision, but daily growing more blind, more limited, and more debased.

THAT, then, which is required, in order to the attainment of accurate conclusions respecting the essence of the beautiful, is nothing more than earnest, loving, and unselfish attention to our impressions of it, by which those which are shallow, false, or peculiar to times and temperaments, may be distinguished from those that are eternal.—*Ruskin.*

#### BY NIGHT.

(Translated from the German of Prida.)

BY ANNE MITCHELL.

O'er the mountain night is striding,  
For the day has sunken far,  
And, amid its thousand sparklings,  
Now awakes each little star.

Downward from this starlit heaven,  
O'er the valley, o'er the hill,  
Liberty, her wing unfolding,  
Calmly flits through earth and still.

Softly enters every cottage,  
Gently taps at every door,  
To the ear that slumbers, whispers,  
And a lowly tale tells o'er.

Then with holy kiss and fervent,  
She the young and aged meets;  
While her breath with mild embracings,  
In his cell the captive greets.

Now the falchion's edge is trying!  
At each powder-flask she stands,  
Of the hour-glass ever jealous,  
Silent counting o'er its sands.

While each soul is onward dreaming,  
Every heart is glowing bright,  
With its steed so bravely prancing,  
With its noble deeds of might.

From behind his iron grating  
Smiles the captive on his chain;  
While the lord in palace sleeping,  
Pale and trembling wakes again.

#### BRICKS IN ARCHITECTURE.\*

We have read, with great pleasure and profit, a volume lately put forth by G. E. Street, Esq., an English architect, entitled "Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages." It is written in a style of considerable vivacity, sufficiently so to be interesting to the general reader, as well as to the professional man. We heartily commend it to the attention of all who can obtain it, and should be glad to see it republished, at a reasonable price, and scattered over the whole country.

The art of using various colored bricks and stones in building seems to be entirely ignored in the present day. Now, there may be some excuse for our neglecting to use marbles, but there can be none, not even the paltry consideration of cost, for our denying ourselves the enjoyment of the beauty that can be produced with the several shades of red and yellow brick at our command. In the hands of a designer, who has studied the subject at all carefully, a great number and variety of fine effects of color can be made with these simple materials. Those of our readers who have seen the brick buildings of Northern Italy, or are acquainted with them in works, will understand our meaning. With the exception of St. Mark's, Venice, we know of no building so lovely in color as the apse of the church at Murano; and its beauty is owing almost entirely to the masterly arrangement of the bricks, of several colors, of which it is constructed. We can see no reason why our architects should not give us similar designs. Since we will, more or less, build of brick, let us have the walls as attractive as possible.

We have taken it for granted that it is desirable to have the use of colored materials revived in our architecture. We are aware that there is much prejudice against this idea, chiefly in the minds of men to whom it is new, or who are ignorant in matters of Art generally; but we believe that the men of most cultivated taste among us cannot fail to approve it. It rests with our architects to decide the point. If they, or any one of them, can be persuaded to make a bold start in the matter, we are certain that the system will very soon become popular, and the cheapest and most ordinary buildings may have at least one element of beauty, in place of the wearying monotony to which we are so much addicted.

In the new Unitarian church, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth street, an attempt of this kind has been made, but, we think, unsuccessfully, owing, in the first place, to the unfortunate choice of materials, which are Caen stone, and a very dark, red brick, giving too violent a contrast; and no harmony of color: and, again, to the fact, that the bands of each are of the same width, which gives a formal air to the whole, and destroys all breadth of effect. Nevertheless, this is a step, though an imperfect one, in the right direction.

We intend shortly to take up this subject of using colored materials, and discuss it thoroughly, believing that the arguments in its favor are such that, if fairly presented, they cannot fail to convince our readers

\* Bricks and Marble in the Middle Ages, by G. E. Street, large 8vo. John Murray, London.